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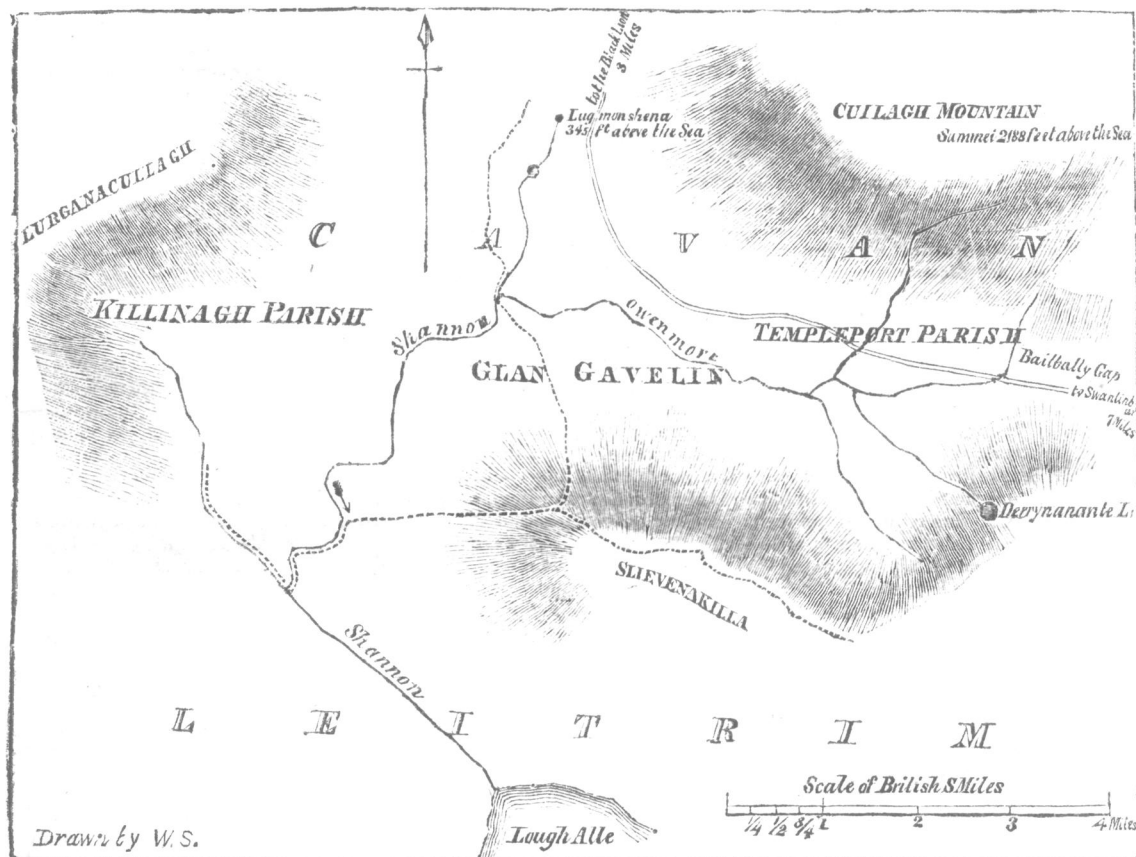
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one loading. His eloquence is a leprosy more pestilent than that of Naaman the Syrian. It is an itch which must be cured rather by Mars than Mercury, though it may bring him at last into a course of sulphur. He is a true renegade; he abjures allegiance to his Prince, to raise himself upon his ruin. He is a rebel of antiquity; for his family were Præadamites, whereof Lucifer was the founder. He endeavours to raise himself as a school-boy does his kite, by pulling against the wind. He points out pretended flaws in the constitution, as sharp housewives show cracks in a pipkin, that he may get it more easily into his own hands. He would repair it as knavish

tinkers mend kettles, for the increase of their own custom, by enlarging a fracture, or working two for one. He is the diseased part of the body politic, in which all its bad humours are gathered; and when he is lanced, they are all let out, and the body is sound again. He is like the walls of the Royal Exchange, hung with every man's business, public and private; and, like them, he promises more than can be performed. His tongue is like a mail-coach; the less weight it carries, the quicker it goes; but, unlike a mail-coach, it runs without a guard. He delights in nothing so much as confusion, and, like a porpoise, he always tumbles before a storm."



SOURCE OF THE SHANNON.

MR. EDITOR—In these times, when the navigation and improvement of the river Shannon occupy so much of the public attention, perhaps a few words relative to the source of that noble river may not be uninteresting; and if the following description, and the small map that accompanies it, prove worthy of a place in your highly useful and national periodical, it will fully compensate me for any little trouble I have been at.

It is generally represented in Irish geography that this river rises in Lough Allen, county of Leitrim; but it is actually nine English miles farther north. It rises in the county of Cavan, barony of Tallyhaw, parish of Templeport, townland of Derrylaghan, at the head of a wild district called Glengavelin, and in the valley between Cullagh and Lurganacallagh mountains, close to the base of the former. The source or spring is of a circular form, about fifty feet in diameter, called the Shannon Pot, or more generally Leigmonshena. It boils up in the centre, and a continued stream flows from it, about eight feet wide and two deep in the driest season, and runs about four miles per hour. In rainy weather the flow of water is so much increased, that its banks and all the low ground in its immediate vicinity are overflowed. There are numerous caverns and clefts on the top and sides of Cullagh mountain, which receive the rain water; and from the circumstance of no streams descending this side of the mountain, I conclude that the drainage of this vast moun-

tain, combined to its subterranean springs, here find an outlet, and give birth to this river. Two miles from its source, it is joined by the Owenmore or Big River, (as will be seen by reference to the map.*) After winding its way through the valley, and collecting its tributary branches, it falls into Lough Allen about nine miles south of its source, having in this short course swelled to a considerable river, from fifty to sixty yards wide, varying in depth from five to ten feet. I have given on the map the height of the source, also the summit of Cullagh above the sea, which will show how comparatively low the former is. The principal falls are before it leaves the county of Cavan, having in the distance of six miles a fall of above one hundred and seventy feet; so that, from Kerry Head to its source, a distance of two hundred and twenty miles, it is capable of improvement for the purposes of navigation. W. S.

Killesandra, March 1836.

MICK DONNOVAN.

A SKETCH OF IRISH LIFE.

"Now, ye great spalpeen of a bane stalk ye, can't ye see the road straight afore ye, and not be a knocking yere shins agin the bolders any how? Will ye never find the

* That portion of the Shannon in the county of Leitrim is not to scale, having been put in from remembrance.

path from Splanifray to Donoughdoon, without fallin' out by the way as lades till it, ye great calf ye ;" and raising a large stone which had caused his momentary annoyance, Mick cast it with more zeal than good-will against the dry stone wall that hedged the road on which he was walking. The last streak of light hung in the horizon, and sufficed, by the gleam of its reflection, which seemed brighter from its contrast with the mass of dark clouds that covered the sky, to render perceptible the handsome features and flushed countenance of Mick Donovan.

The day had been spent in unavailing efforts to gather from among his kinsmen a sum sufficient to cover the last half year's rent of old Patrick Mackane, whose little farm had of late hardly sufficed to procure for himself and his daughter the scanty subsistence with which they were inclined to make shift, much less to pay the expenses he incurred in conducting his business.

Mary was the rose of all the country round ; and, though from her beauty and many amiable qualities, fully entitled to the rustic homage she received, yet was with difficulty induced to take the distinguished part assigned to her in their rural sports, and never officiated as queen of the revels without more blushes than would have served most other girls for a lifetime. Her father was the last of an old and well-known family among the little farmers of his neighbourhood, and there was not a man in the county of Cork who supported his station with more dignity at the weekly market than did Patrick Mackane ; or when resting on his huge walking-stick, clad in his coat of sky blue with bag-like amplitude of skirt, checkered handkerchief, red waistcoat of antique elongation, supported by brown inexpressibles, which in their turn were based by thick ribbed hosiery and large buckled shoes, while his cranium was surmounted by a worsted wig and cocked hat of some half century old, he steered his way to the Gothic church which picturesquely stood within sight of his own dwelling. And if, as was generally the case, the beautiful Mary put her long taper fingers through the old man's arm, he felt the full elevation of his inner man, and looked on the mushroom nobility at a distance with a most self-complacent condescension.

The plain manners of the simple-hearted peasantry set aside most of the factitious distinctions which the small amount of the most extensive property among them could have imposed ; and Patrick therefore, while inwardly chuckling at the great liberality of feeling he deemed himself to evince, when permitting his daughter to share in the innocent recreations of the neighbours, did in fact reap the greatest share of enjoyment in feasting his eyes on the admiration of which she alone was regardless.

Some twelvemonth or so previous to the commencement of our narrative, Mary had held her usual authority of queen of the village feast ; an authority which could without inconvenience be instituted, from the paucity of inhabitants in their little town, and the thinness of the population in the wild tract of moorland by which it was surrounded. All the lads of the place aimed at her favour ; and a delightful object was she to look upon, as with her light straw hat tied carelessly under her chin, seated on a rustic throne made out of an old oak tree, she dispensed the prizes which the good pastor of the parish and the neighbouring gentry had subscribed for the sports of the day. Her long auburn hair streamed in ringlets on either side from its slight constraint, and even at times half-concealed her snowy brow and laughing eyes, as the wind ruffled it across her sunny and healthful countenance.

Mick had thrown his three falls, and when he bent at the footstep of the throne to receive the recompense of his wrestling exploits, he could not avoid stealing a furtive glance at the gentle bestower of rewards, and was almost electrified when he read a similar expression of feeling in her eyes to that which throbbed in his own bosom, and he blushed a deeper red than that even which flushed the cheek of his queen ; for Mick was modest, but he vowed within himself, that, come what might, never would Mick Donovan love and follow any other than Mary Mackane.

Mick was considered the handsomest lad in the village ; and though he had only just seen twenty, his robust and

well-set symmetrical frame and weather-tinged countenance bespoke him both able to do and endure much. Moreover, Mick's courage had been tried more than once, and never found wanting ; and though, when at rest, you would have seen nothing in the even regularity of his features and quiet hazel eye but the best tempered of mortals, yet when roused, such a sparkling of soul, such an ebullition of feeling, broke forth at once in every expression of his face, and every motion of his figure, that you would have startled with surprise, and wondered where it all came from.

Notwithstanding his first spring of joy, Mick was almost as much downcast at the intelligence he had read of Mary's feelings, as if she had turned on him the coldest eye ; for, alas ! Mick was poor, and could little hope to cross over the hedge of pride with which Patrick, who was a man of substance, had encircled himself ; and Mick, though he had made up his mind never to love another, very much feared he should never reap the reward of his affection. He was not, however, a boy to be daunted, and therefore determined to persevere, though the prospect before him was hazy and discouraging, and the result distant and uncertain. Time added little to his wealth ; for though he could always obtain the best of work, yet the wages of his labour were scanty in amount, and what he received had yet to be shared with an old bedridden mother, whose dependence for support lay on Mick alone ; and never could he have brought himself to desert his mother, even if he had tried, though the temptation were a thousand-fold more severe than it was, and he loved Mary better than all the world beside. Nevertheless Mick worked on in the hope of better times, and solacing himself with the best of comforts in his favourite maxim "Trust in Providence," kept the prize of his exertions steadily in view.

But fortune favoured him ; for as the day declined, and just as the queen had left her throne, the lads of Tarleary came suddenly upon them, and kicking this thing this way, and that thing that way, soon dispersed the whole assemblage, while Mick was gone to see how his mother got on without him that afternoon, and to tell her all about the wake. When he came back, he found the feasters gone, and the Tarleary boys playing all manner of games upon the green. Two had Mary between them, who, all in tears, was endeavouring to escape, while others were holding Patrick back, and wrenching the shillelagh from his hand, with which he had attempted the rescue of his daughter. Mick did not stand many minutes thinking about it, but flourishing his stick, with his face like a fire, he cried, "St. Patrick for the men of Donoughdoon," and straightway fell to work on the Carlees. The boys knew his voice, and were not long in giving their help ; and Mick soon had the pleasure of seeing old Patrick floor one of his antagonists, while he himself obliged both the present guardians of Mary with the same favour. He conveyed her senseless to a cottage close by, while her father, following hard behind, knew not whether most to grieve for his daughter's distress, or abuse the villains who had ill-used her. He contrived to do both pretty nearly in the same breath, by simultaneously indulging in a burst of sorrow and a burst of rage, until, between the two, he was almost choked. With the assistance of her friends Mary shortly recovered, but never could forget the favour or the tenderness with which Mick pressed her hand when she awoke to her senses.

The thing was irrevocably done. Mary loved Mick, and Mick loved Mary ; and though old Patrick wished the lads of Tarleary any where but in Ireland, and not only forbade the wedding, but decidedly set his face against the attachment, he could not hinder their loving, and telling each other that they did so.

Time brings strange things to pass. Mick's mother died, and when he had paid the expenses of her funeral, he found he had a trifle left, with the world before him, and he hoped soon to take an acre or two of ground, and commence farming on his own account. Prosperity, however, does not uninterruptedly attend the good, and Mick was, at the end of twelve months, little better in worldly wealth than he been twelve months before ; and though Mary promised to wait till things looked up a

little, and assured him of her continued affection, yet Mick found the matter hard.

But the old hour-glass goybe-handed gentleman seldom does things by halves; and when he does not lift the low to the high, he sometimes pulls down the high to a level with the low. Poor Patrick Mackane found his flocks smaller, and his crops shorter, when they ought of all things to have been the reverse; and the consequence was, that two quarters passed without the old man, as usual, tasting the rent-day feast. The steward sent a long printed letter about "Second Notice," which Patrick could not well read, and did not feel inclined to search into, and therefore put it into his pocket, with an endeavour not to think more about it—little apprehending its threats would speedily have so terrible a fulfilment. The communication had lost some of its terrors, when, as he was going out one fine morning to attend to the ewe, which had dropped two dead lambs, (while Mary looked to the milk which had been spoiled by the maid whom she had discharged the evening before, because she saw her father could not afford to keep her,) and had hardly cleared his own door-steed, when a gruff dark-looking fellow, with another at his heels for all the world like a gibbet thief, put his hand on his shoulder, and requested the pleasure of the old man's company for the rest of the day. Patrick was taken all aback by the salute; and though he had for some time been looking ruin in the face, he had always taken care to turn the small end of the telescope towards it. A convulsive twinge pursed up, for a moment, the muscles about his mouth; but he quickly resumed his wonted sturdiness of manner, and though his countenance was a shade or two paler than usual, walked with an upright but somewhat unsteady gait, as he preceded his unwelcome visitor into the house.

Mick was whistling his gayest tune, and, despite of poverty and all its ills, leaped with a light heart over the stile that led into Patrick's little barn-yard, expecting that the old man had been long afield. Instead, therefore, of the stealthy motion which usually marked his carriage when fearing her father's ken, he walked boldly up to the door, and, putting his head within the threshold, was about to greet Mary with one of his blithest good mornings, when his eye was arrested by the spectacle within.

Poor Patrick was screwed up on the settle by the fire-side, his head uncovered resting on his hand, and his countenance full of the deep-touching expression of an old man's despair. The few grey scattered hairs that sprinkled his head were ruffled in disorder; and that hardness sat upon his features, which, on the face of age especially, is always indicative of the deepest grief—a grief too powerful for restraint, yet that will not stoop to tears. He sat as if feeling were sinking into inanity of thought—a senselessness made up of varied agony. The ruddy glow of health that usually tinged his cheek with its strongest hue, had faded to a faint uncertain flush, that only served to contrast with the paleness that had crept upon his face and brow. Mary, overwhelmed with distress, that almost prevented her giving the necessary assistance to the bailiff in taking the inventory, was using fruitless efforts to comfort her aged father, and assort the articles of her household business that in unwonted disorder filled the kitchen floor.

Mick looked on for some few moments in unfeigned astonishment, and then, with shovel over his shoulder, ventured to obtrude one-half of his person into the apartment, exclaiming, in wondering accents, "Mary dear, an' sure they are not a sayzing on you?"

Mary turned at the voice, and, bursting into a fresh torrent of tears, could not at first obtain sufficient self-command to answer Donovan's observation, and at length replied, as well as her broken voice would allow, "Oh, Mick dear, and isn't it the rint now will turn my poor old father into the fields?"

"You don't mane to say that as how Patrick Mackane will be ruined, is it?" returned Mick, as he folded his arms round the poor girl, and endeavoured in vain to alleviate her grief.

Her father, instead of evincing his usual irritability, looked on with a vacant and indifferent gaze; and muttering in a melancholy and despairing tone the sum he owed,

sank again into the dreary silence that seemed to shut up all his faculties. Even the hard unrelenting hearts of the bailiffs softened at the sight of the old man's misery and his daughter's distress; and ceasing a moment from their occupation, they answered to Mick's looks, rather than his words, "Yes, thirty pounds five; but we don't doubt but that the steward would stay the execution, if he got twenty pounds."

"An' will ye be asy while I look for the rint?" said Mick, with enlivening animation.

"We have no objection to wait, if you will bring the money by night," was the answer.

"Then ye shall have it, or my name's not Mick Donovan;" and throwing down his shovel, he pressed Mary to his heart, whispering in her ear, "Trust in Providence!" and exclaiming, "Then the ould woman's timbers shall go," hastened from the house to obtain the means that would satisfy the steward's demand.

Mick's efforts, however, notwithstanding his zealous exertions, were utterly unavailing. His own little cottage, when offered for immediate sale to an avaricious farmer in the neighbourhood, did not produce three-fourths of what he required; and many a weary mile that day did he speed, to beg or borrow the money that would make up the amount—but to no purpose; and fatigued, disheartened, and grieved he was, as nightfall came on, within a short distance of Patrick's homestead when our sketch commenced, returning to tell the tale of his ill success, and offer at least to share the troubles he could only by sympathy alleviate.

A carriage, with its postilion and a servant behind, passed him as Mick cast the stone against the wall, and the rattle of its wheels on the hard road almost drowned the chink that answered on the second rebound. Astonished at the sound, he searched for some time on the dark grass, and at length discovered, by the faint twinkle which reflected the evening light, a piece of silver, which the stone, by bursting the bag, in which a considerable sum was contained, had partly exposed. Electrified with joy, he deemed it a god-send in the time of necessity, that would enable him at once to relieve Mary and her father, and ensure his own happiness, with the old man's approbation. With a gloating equal to that expressive of the deepest pleasure of a miser's heart, but with a delight far more elevating and exquisite, he counted out the contents of the purse. His heart leaped within him as, piece after piece, he numbered to the store; and pressing the money to his breast, he cast an earnest silent aspiration of heartfelt thankfulness to Heaven for the benefit bestowed.

"Ah," said Mick, as he stowed the treasure safely in his pocket, and, chuckling to himself, turned to cross the fields by a nearer route than he would otherwise have taken—"Ah, so goes the world around, as Jimmy O'Drimty said the other day—some richer, some poorer."

The words arrested him at the thoughts they suggested. His hand was on the gate, his foot upon the rail; and he finished the sentence in sorrow and disappointment, as the recollection crossed him, that the money was the property of another. "But do they want, that have lost it?"

He stood in momentary perplexity. He reflected that the money was not his to use, though thus opportunely presented. The desire of serving Mary contended for an instant with the dictates of principle in his heart; but the conflict was soon over; and though he could not but heave a sigh of bitter regret at relinquishing the buoyant hopes he had just entertained, he turned his foot to the pathway, and determined to deposit the sum in the hands of his employer until its owner should be found, and trust in Providence for the relief of those he loved.

Absorbed in melancholy, he had proceeded with slow and heavy steps a few hundred yards from the spot, when a feeble groan struck upon his ear. Engaged with his own affliction, he was pursuing his way when the mournful sound was clearly but more fully repeated. Mick's heart smote him that he could thus pass a fellow-creature in misery with indifference, and he turned to peer through the darkness which had now come upon the heavens, to ascertain by whom it had been uttered,

The figure of a man lay stretched beneath the wall, from which it could hardly be distinguished. His face was turned from the road; but the heaving of his breast, and the contortions of his limbs as he writhed upon the turf, plainly told the anguish he endured. Mick spoke to him, and received no answer; but touching him on the shoulder, the man turned upon his side, and the blood gushed afresh from a wound on his forehead. Mick succeeded with much trouble in staunching the flow; and his new companion, feebly thanking him for his kindness, answered to Mick's inquiries, that he had been beset a little further on by highwaymen, who had thus ill-treated him, and despoiled him of a sum of money, the payment for the last remnant of his property, which he had disposed of to save his wife and children from absolute destitution; and, sobbing with uncontrollable emotion, his rugged cheeks were bedewed with tears.

"Then may be ye'd like to find the shiners agin?" said Mick, stealing more closely to the side of his companion.

The man replied with a silent expression of a craving but useless desire, as he made another effort to stifle his grief.

Mick pushed the bag, with its contents, into his hand. Had the light of day streamed at once from heaven upon him, the change could not have been more electric. He seized the purse with a convulsive grasp, looked with sudden, full, and earnest gaze upon Mick, while joy and astonishment struggled for predominance in his face, and vainly endeavoured to tell his thanks.

"I just now found it," said Mick, replying to his gaze, "and I'm thinking it must be yours."

"It is, it is!" he exclaimed, and falling on his knees, "May all the heavens bless you!" Then starting on his feet, he seemed to have acquired new vigour with his treasure, set off at the top of his speed, and was out of sight in an instant.

Mick enjoyed the pleasure of a satisfied conscience; and, though worn down and dispirited at his ill success, found a lightness in his heart, which he would not have thought it possible at such a time to experience.

The day had added to poor old Patrick's affliction; and an attack of paralysis had evidently made rapid progress since morning. Day thus succeeded day. The morrow only opened upon grief to close in deeper gloom; and in spite of her strength of mind and fortitude, aided by Mick's affectionate encouragement, poor Mary's spirits and health sank as she witnessed the deep inroads of the disorder on her father's frame.

The old man's constitution seemed to have sunk at once beneath the blow; and the probability almost every hour increased, that he would at last be spared the pain of seeing himself houseless, and his child destitute.

The morning at length arrived, on which the sale was to take place. The grey haze of dawn found Mary jaded and worn down at the close of her third night's vigil beside her father's bed.

His eyes, which, during the dreary hours of darkness since she took her seat, had wandered in glassy meaninglessness round the room, at last sank beneath their heavy lids; and his affectionate child bowed to the impulse of exhausted nature, and dropped into a watchful doze.

The light step of Mick, however, as he stole across the room, waked them from their brief repose; and Mary lifted her eyes to greet her only comforter with a welcome, when she caught a glance of her father's face, on which Mick was intently gazing. The crimson hectic of fever covered his brow; and rolling his eyes in unmeaning yet excited vacancy, his spirit burst forth into the violence of raving insanity. Mick's whole strength was required to keep him to his bed. The roof rang with the alternate screams and laughter of raging madness. Oaths and imprecations wildly and rapidly followed each other; and the gentle Mary, almost heart-broken by previous grief, sank fainting on her chair. The fit, however, subsided by degrees; and as Mick loosed the hands he had with difficulty held, the poor old man's countenance resumed more of natural expression than it had worn since the attack. A sweet placidity sat upon his face—reason obtained her way. He knew the daughter of his heart, and looked

with more than kindness on him who had been as a son in his affliction. A blessing quivered on his lips—a glance of tender affection beamed from his eyes—his features gradually relaxed—the colour settled on his face—a stilly quietude stole upon his frame—Patrick was at peace.

Mary's breath grew thick and heavy—her heart beat quick—her head fell—and she sank upon the bed almost as lifeless as the frame when her father's spirit left its earthly tenement. With difficulty Mick drew her from the room to her own apartment, where, placing her upon her own bed, he felt as if a weight had been lifted from his soul when she again looked up with consciousness, and a flood of tears relieved her grief. Leaving Mary to recover more completely from her swoon, Mick went below to ascertain the cause of the unusual stillness which reigned in the house, when he expected the congregation and the bustle of the sale. Not an individual could he find; but a bill was pasted up, stating that the sale would not proceed, and a letter was lying on the table, addressed to himself, which contained an explanation of the matter.

Patrick's landlord had been an unobserved witness of Mick's conduct on the evening of the distress; and having made inquiries into the case, had, on his account, forgiven the debt, removed the bailiffs, and constituted him his tenant on lease on the death of Patrick, that had now occurred. After the funeral Mick Donnovan entered into possession, and found, in years of after happiness with Mary, that his confidence had not been misplaced when he had righteously put his "trust in Providence."

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ENEAS O'HAGAN, THE IRISH OUTLAW.

MR. EDITOR.—Since you are raking up so much antiquated information respecting Ireland in the olden time, I presume the following will be both acceptable to you, and interesting to your readers. In making out the following sketch, I am assisted by innumerable traditions, together with some printed documents, all which agree in the main particulars; and this leads me to think that there is credibility to be attached to the whole.

Know, then, that the parents of Eneas O'Hagan, (commonly pronounced Neisse O'Haghin) lived about the close of the seventeenth century, at a place named Skerry, a short distance to the north of Slemish mountain in the county of Antrim: they had four sons—Shane Oge, Eneas, Denis: the name of the other is forgotten. It appears that the mother was unable to nurse any of them, and that a nurse was provided for that purpose; and whether or not any thing of the disposition of the foster-mother was imbibed into the children with her milk, one strange fact is, that her own son and the four O'Hagans were all hanged! The parents had a practice of setting the barn-doors open, and, each with a stick, stood inside one of the doors, and thrashed on the floor; they then caused their sons to run in at the one door, and out at the other; and he that was nimblest got fewest strokes. This was for the purpose of training them to activity.

It appears that the mother was of a more daring spirit than the father, and that she sometimes reproached her sons for their lack of courage, and incited them to acts which, but for her, they might never have attempted. When the three eldest came to be men, they betook themselves to a life of robbery, and committed great depredations in the northern parts of the county of Antrim, and had caves in several places where they concealed themselves; some of which are yet shown about Ballvoley mountain and Glenwherry, and are called "O'Hagan's Caves." They had also a place of concealment at a place called "Arch's Bushes," on the Knockagh mountain near Carrickfergus. When they were near this latter place, they found an asylum in the house of a widow of a degraded Presbyterian minister named Gideon Jacques, and sometimes in the house of a James M'Kinstry. The youngest brother had not at this time joined them; but his mother began to upbraid him for not making common cause with his brothers, and living like a gentleman: he hereupon betook himself to the residence of his brothers, by whom he was joyfully received. The first robbery which they committed after this, turned out badly for the